THE LOST HEIRESS.

A Tale of Love, Battle and Adventure.

EARNEST GLANVILLE. Author of "Among Cape Kaffirs," The Fossioker," Etc., and Edward Rapier.

[COPYRIGHTED 1890.]

Copyright of fervious chapters.

Chapters I to III.--Sr. J. Millimsy Dalston. a London merchant, deep, willy and unacrappilous of character, as plotting to rob a Mr. Sydney Blaine of the sum of £5,990, left him by Mr. John Blaine Nicholson on condition that he marries Kate, only daughter of M. William Dalston, brother of Mr. J. M. Dalston. To the latter, Mr. Nicholson has insultingly left a bottle of hay rum for his baidness and a specific for the gout. He holds a conference with his lawyer, Mr. Smooth, and they afrange to send out a Yankee sharper. Mr. Cob Raws, a noted shot with a revolve, to endeavorto prevent B aine, who is engaged lighting in Zuhiland, from meeting with Kate Dalston. The Yankee undertakes to excute his commission and starts for Atrica. At Borke's Drift held sent on a dangerous crand, and meets a Zulin with whom he has a hand to hand fight, the Yankee setting the worst of it. The Zulu is about to give him the coup degrace with his howie kaile when they are attacked by famished dogs from descred krass.

Charters IV. AND V.—Rowe manages by means of his horse to escape from the devouring dogs, and at last finds himself near a krast, where he is dissensed by neith. Mary Rath, who lives with near hand to the

ing dogs, and at last finds himself near a braal, where he is discovered by a cirl. Mary Rath, who lives with ner father. Peter, The latter has been called upon to act as guide to the colonel of his regiment in a reconnaisance, and is troubled at the idea of having to leave his canghary with the reugh-looking Yankee stranger, Rowe. During his temporary absence a stranger appears, who turns out to be Capit. Daiston, howe overhears him make love to Mary Rath, who repulses him.

Ove to Mary Rath, who repulses him.

CHAPTER VI. AND VII.—Capt. Daiston, as he is a out to advance towards Mary, is ignominously rolled over by the hound. He draw his sword, but Howe, who steps forward, calls shame on his cowardice. In a subsequent increase Rose explains that he has a letter for him and presents It to him. After reading its curioris blabson becomes more friendly, and offers to secure a niceder for him in Lapt. Blane's troop. He is introduced to Commandant D'Arry, who gives him a difficult horse to ride Rose discovers the animal to be his own horse. "Washing on." He manipulates the animal creditably. Meanwhile the creat Zulu warrior, Siravo, Rowe's recent creum, is discovered. creditably. Meanwalle the creat Zuin warrior, Biravo, Rowe's greent en my, is discovered, and a fierce attempt at capture is made, but he ultimately effects his escape. At the homestend a band of Zuin warriors is advancing on the defenseions Mary and her maid. Fala, they being under the impression that their chief, Siravo, is dead, killed by Rowe, whom Mary last befriended.

Birayo, is dead, affect by Rowe, whole stay last befriended.

Chapters VIII. And IX.—Suddenly Sirayo appears and Nary Bails does her best to save the hunted chief. Me leaves her saying he will be found at the Nek. Braine and Dalston with their forces now a rive on the scene in seven of the chief. Inneventently, Mary fells that he has gone to the Nek. Who was finds that the solidiers are in search of the chief ahe were of them not to use the information she has imparted annuals the chief. They are, however, deaf to her entreaties, and Mins Rath, mounting a horse, rides precipitately to the Nek to warn the chief. Some shots are fired after her, but when they discover that it is Miss Rath they cease firing.

CERSE SITING.

CHAPTINES X AND XI.—Mary succeeds in warning Strayo, the Zuin chief, lust as Blaine and Daiston ride up. Blaine congratulates Miss Rath upon having Come a notile deed, Daiston offers here his horse, which she accepts and rides away. Daiston fired the village of the Zuins and Strayo, noting the confingratio, swears that he hund that fired the Krasi has lithis way to death. Col. Reduers Boiler and the prison imperial of France note the presence of the Zuin hero is the midst of his followers whom he is urping to aven the burning of their homes. The prince leaped over the burning lence of a cattle brasi eager to show that no taint of fear was in his blood.

CHAPTER XII.—A SNARE IN THE GRASS.

CHAPTER XII .- A SNAKE IN THE GRASS. Guided by the colonel's unerring instinct, the troop covered miles of the decerted country without a halt.

What is it that guides the elephant on a bee line at dead of night from one feeding place to another, a distance maybe of thirty miles, or keeps the whale on his true course through the trackless ocenn for thousands of miles, or the frigate bird on its unresting flight, or directs the hunter across the pathless prairie? Who shall say?

Some delicate sense not yet accounted for, of an essence so subtle that it surpasses the wit of man to explain.

The colonel could lend the guides themselves. He found his line by the trend of the water, the dip of the land, and by a dozen natural sign posts which escape ordinary observation.

That night the men bivonacked under the shelter of a rocky bill but it was a cheerless bivouse without fires, since the light might have attracted the attention of the enemy. The horses stood with their backs to the cold wind, their hindquarters drawn in and their heads droop-

fort, using their saddles for pillows, and the horsecloths to cover their legs. Sleep for most was impossible, but the old stagers remained quiet and kept their warmth. The inexperienced tossed about and let the wind circuiste about then with chilling effect.

Ever and suon a man would get up. stamp his feet, blow upon his fingers, look disconsolately around into the darkness and up to the clear, bright stars, then with a sigh stretch himself again upon the ground.

The prince was one of these unfortunates, but bore his discomfort in patience like a soldier.

said Blaine, who had been disturbed by the noise of stamping feet, "pray wrap yourself up in this blan-

"No. certainly not. I have only myself to blame, and I must learn. The sun was so bright when we started that I could not believe the night would be so

"Do take it. I have slept and will re-

lieve the guard. He must be almost solid with cold." The prince thus pressed, rolled himself

up in the heavy military blanket and was soon at rest. One or two men lifted their heads to see what had happened and then drew their knees up to their chins in a renewed attempt to get snug.

Blaine relieved the sentry, and stood

listening to the drowsy grumbling of a trooper, and to the occasional sighing of horse. Then as these sounds quieted, his ear was alert to the melansholy voices of the night: to the mosning of the wind, to the cry of the goat sucker, and to the far-off wail of a jackat. Then the bushes tear him took on fantastic shapes as they were shaken by the wind, and he had to train his eye to detect that they were really only inanimate objects.

The post of sentry in the country at night is one that might well try the nerves of the strongest, for the straining ear gives warning to the brain of the anpronch of a stealthy enemy at every sound that strikes upon it, and the watchful eyes see moving persons where none exist.

Blaine moved briskly up and down, to shake off a feeling of sadness that stole upon him, and as he walked he thought for comfort upon the sweet face of Mary Rath, and he wondered why a girl of he grace and beauty should be imprisoned in this out of the way retreat. He must

see her again and learn her history.

Engaged in this absorbing train of thought, be gradually lengthened the range of his bent, and was furthest away from the troop when a sharp sound from the grass at his feet rooted him to the

"By Jove," he muttered, "it is puff adder." He stood listening for the rustle of the

deadly snake, but hearing nothing he through and through with dread sounded three sharp pulls, as the reptile ejected the air through its nestrals right from between his feet.

He dured not move, he scarcely breathed, but stood with every muscle strained, expecting each second to feel the curved fangs strike into his leg. For several seconds, it seemed to him hours, he remained motionless, and the snake also was quiet, awaiting the movement that would send its needle pointed fangs of death into its enemy.

Then it began to move, and Blaine heard its sluggish body slither over the grass between his feet. He felt its weight upon his foot, and then with a sickening fear felt it rear its flat hend along his boot and up to his knee. imagination he could see its forked tongue darting along his rough riding tronsers to feel what manner of creature it was that had disturbed it, and could almost see the venomous glitter of its cold unwinking eyes. He stood almost

Then he heard footsteps approaching, apparently from the camp, but dared ment should cause the snake to strike.

The steps came on quickly, and the Blaine felt it snake lowered its head. move over his foot, and heard it glide away. He breathed a deep breadth of intense reilef, turned to see who it was approaching, when a fearful blow descended on his head, and he fell to the ground insensible.

The treacherous assailant lent over the prostrate body for a few minutes, then stood up. Twice he raised the weapon in his hand to strike, but each time his arm fell nerveless to his side. He searched about a little while, then lifting the body, carried it a few yards to where some scrub bushes grew amid rocks, and there hid it. This done, he returned stealthly to the bivouse under shelter of the horses, where he waited patiently to satisfy himself that no one was watch-

His next movement was strange, for he loosened Blaine's horse from the bunch and led it away with utmost caution, until he got the wind with him. when he sent the nuimal adrift with a sharp crack to hurry its movements. Satisfied that the brute would go until it found shelter from the wind, he slipped again into camp and deliberately fired off his revolver into the nir.

In two minutes every horse was saddled and every mun in his saddie, and looking wildly about for the cause of the alarm. "Who fired that shot?" demanded the

colonel in his sharp voice. There was no suswer, and the men, after casting many uneasy glances into the night, peered silently into one an-

other's faces. "Who was on sentry?" "I was sir, but-"

"You were asleep I suppose?" "No, sir. Capt. Blaine relieved me

an hour ago. Said he might as well keep watch as he could not sleep." The colonel waited a minute for Blaine to come forward. "Well," he said, with an ominous ring in his voice, "why does not Capt. Blaine speak?"

Again there was no answer, and each man looked at his neighbor curiously. It was strange that the fearless young officer did not respond.

"Kurnel, the captain's gone." "Who's that?"

"Rowe-Cob Rowe. Here's the captain's saddle on the ground, but his horse is gone. "

"And here is his blanket," said the prince. midnight. He seemed then very wakeful. "Bugler, sound the recall."

The bugier's lips were numbed and he could not make his instrument speak except in snatches of awful discord. At last the quick clear notes rang out loud and shrill.

The men listened and the faint echo of distant neigh came up against the wind. "'That's in the direction of the camp, " said the colonel quickly.

"Ab. I know be wanted to be in camp to-morrow, '' said a voice, ''to be in time for the post.''

"Yes, but why should be leave saddle and go without orders? And that does not explain the pistol shot. It may be a senseless joke. Well," added the

colonel, grimly, "now we are mounted

He struck into the night, the cantains of the companies gave the command, and the men, growling at the discomfort of a dark march, filed away.

There were two men in the column who did not cease to think over the disappearance of Capt. Blaine. These were Cob Rowe and Basuto Dick of Cochrage's horse.

They had struck up a sort of friendship, which had its origin in the first place to the admiration which Dick had for Rowe's deerskin coat. When Rowe had shown his horsemanship the Basuto. a born rider, felt his respect for the coat extend to the man who wore it, and Rowe himself took a liking to the goodtempered, well-built and fearless black

scout. They rode along together in silence for some time, Dick chewing a sweet cane and spitting out the fiber at regular intervals, while he occasionally glanced askance at his saturnine companion. "You no like Capt. Blaine ver mooch.

eh?'' "What-why?"

"Oh, nuttings. I see skin-jacket sometimes look Capt. Blaine when he not looking. "

mated stick of black scaling-wax?' "What say? Some mens like see Capt.

Blaine out of way.''
Rowe started, ''Wake up, you nigger boy; you're still asleep.'' 'Not nigger, Basuto me. Skin-jacket I no sleep in de night. Seems to me it is not right about de captain."

"No, Dick, it is not right. I believe he's bolted. "Soh!" Dick looked curiously at his companion, and then went on chewing

at his cane. "What are you chewing for at this time of the night? It makes my jaws ache to bear you champ, champ, champ. Wait till the sun shines and I'll help

Dick chuckled. "White man very clever, but Basuto he more clever. See it is yet dark, I cannot mark de trail, but this what I spit out it is good trail. "What do you want a trail for?"

"Wait a bit, skin-jacket, an' I show you."

proached the camp, and the first thing met was Capt. Blaine's horse, with the

The column heited and a murmur

from the men. Dick took off his hat and approached the colonel with a request. "Yes," said the colonel in reply, 'you can go back, but keep a sharp lookout, for Zulus always follow our

"Now, skin-jacket, you see why I left dat trail, '' said Dick as he rode by. "Good nigger boy, I'll go back with you."

They rode away briskly, with the cheers of their comrades to encourage them, but they had not gone far when, to the annoyance of Rowe, Capt. Dalston overtook them.

"I think my presence is necessary," he said briefly, "to keep my friend Capt. Blame from further injury if he is still

alive. "What-is the cuss driving at," muttered Rowe. The three rode on in silence, the Basuto

leading and picking up the trail easily by the little balls of chewed cane which he had ejected from his mouth. "Must first go to last night's sleep

place." he said, in reply to Daiston. As the troop had only traversed the country at a walk, and as the three horsemen went back on the trail at a gullop, they soon reached the scene of the bivouse Rowe and the Basuto dismounted and

east around like pointers in search of partridge. Soon Rowe discovered signs where the long grass had been pressed down b a heavy body, and he called to the Basuto. Dick, with his nostrils wide open.

seemed to scent the truil, and after a few yards he pointed to a splash of blood on a blade of grass. In a few moments he parted the thick scrub among the rocks and gave an explanation of sur-

Somebody had lain there: there were stams of blood about; but now there was

Rowe looked at the Basuto inquiringly. But Capt. Daiston said impatiently-"How do you know Capt. Blame was there? He may have gone off on his

"No go, " said Dick, decisively, "he was knocked down, put here. He picked up a small object, which he examined, and then passed it to Capt. "What is this?"

"Zulu snuff box. No good look more,

mus' go back camp;" Dick mounted his "Why, what is the matter?"

"Nuttings, only captain has been taken by Zuius. Dead jus' now, surs-ef not gone to Cetywayo." CHAPTER XIII. - CAPTURED.

When the column, with the colonel leading had left the night's camping ground-it filed by a malze garden-with the inevitable buts and cattle krant adjoining. Owing to the circumstances under which the departure was made the huts had escaped observation.

When the sun rose with a sudder bound, characteristic of his burning energy in Southern latitudes, his broad shafts of light fell upon an apparently deserted village.

Soon, however, the genial warmth stirred the hidden life into activity. A lizard came out from the dark recesses of a hut and sunned himself in the doorway. He had always found free quarters there, for was not his glittering body the home of a departed Zulu warrior, and was not his every movement an omen of good or ill?

Then a gaunt yellow cur came sneaking out from another but, with his sharp nose snutling the air for the taint of the dreaded white man.

After this some living thing moved in the kraal. The cow chips which covered the surface to a depth of several luches were upheaved at one quarter, a flut mass of woven grass was thrown back and a wooly head cautiously appeared to the level of the eyes, which rolled about suspiciously. There being nothing in view except a vellow dog, whose presence was itself a sign of safety, the head "which he kindly lent me about | and shoulders followed, until at last the whole body appeared and a Zulu stood up and stretched himself.

He had taken shelter in a maize pit. which the Zulus sink to a depth of several feet in their cuttle krunts for safe storage of grain. The inside of the pit they smear with wet cow dung, which forms when dry a protection against insects and damp, while the narrow bottle

shaped opening they bermetically seal. The warrior, with his accustomed stabbing assegal, stole softly out of the kreal and looked under the shade of his hand across the yeldt. With their backs to him he marked the mounted men moving over a distant rise. He watched them out of sight, then went down to the scene of the bivouse to see if there was anything worth picking up.

He was in luck's way, for the men, in

their slarm when the pistol shot was fired, had left several things in the grass A bag of coffee, a stick of tobacco i junk of biltong (jerked venison), a tin of jam-these were treasures indeed, and he began to sample them straight away. mouthful of jam.

Whilst thus pleasantly engaged his dog was also nosing about, and soon came scross something which needed prompt but that worthy, for once, paid no beed, and he determined to follow up the adventure himself.

With his nose to the ground and his his ears erect he loaped along, guided by the strong scent of fresh blood, until he stood among a tumbled mass of rocks. Should be go in or should be not? It

mone the bushes, but the question was whether the something was dangerous. Caution was the best policy; and after inhaling the powerful scent, with his eyes shut and his mouth watering, he an back to his master and wagged his thin tail until it nearly snapped off.

His muster was half way into the jamoot, and admonished the dog with a kick that his presence was not needed. Accordingly the animal went gloomity back with a determination to investigate matters or perish in the attempt.

Softly, lifting one foot at a time, he crawled in, the scent getting stronger and stronger, until, with a low quiver of excitement, he found himself in the presence of the quarry.

A devil of a white man; one of the

coursed race that had caused his master to bury himself in a hole. Here was a discovery. He was about to give tongue, when all power of barking was taken away from him by the sudden opening of the white

The dog's flerce yellow eyes were riveted on the white face-and the bine eyes, with a startled expression in them. vere fixed on the dog. Then the latter slowly withdrew backwards until he was out of the range of the fearful object, when he sat down on his baunches, like

man's eyes, which at once-by some

nower of attraction-became fixed on

any frightened human being and fairly There was something fascinating in his fear, however. Once again he went in to see whether the dead thing had ac-

tually come to life. Yes, between the twigs he caught the glint of the blue eyes, brighter than be-

fore, and which sent a queer sensation down his backbone, even to the tip of his drooping tall. Once more he draw backwards, with a pucker between the eyes that told of a puzzled brain. He started to go to his muster, but when half-way down he looked over his shoulder and saw the white face above the rocks. So the thing was watching him. It was too much. He would go back again and bite the creature! Accordingly he cautiously retraced his steps.

Blains, all this time, had been slowly regaining his scattered wits. The blow on his head had fallen within a hair's breadth of his temple, and must have been struck with the butt-end of a heavy revolver, from the circular bruise it left. After the total blank of insensibility, there had been a buzzing in his brain, increasing in intensity and volume to the wild roaring of the waves. With a will feeling that his head would burst he had opened his eyes, only to meet the startled gaze of the dox. At the second visit he had a glimmer-

ing of reason, and when he lifted his body to look around, and saw below him a Zulu warrior where he had left his comrades, he understood enough to know that he was in peril of his life. When he heard the dog steadily creep-

ing through the bush for the third time the perspiration gathered on his forehead, and his eyes were contracted in the effort upon his nerves to keep absolutely still. This time the dog came nearer, but was evidently more frightened than before,

by the intensity of the gaze nixed upon him. His legs trembied under him, and the lids of his eyes moved up and down, to shut out that strange magnetic inflaence which seemed to stream into his Blaine felt that he could frighten the sulmat off, and rolled his eyes fearfully.

The effect was excellent at the moment. With a whimper of fear, the dog turned and bolted. The spell however was broken. Once outside the bush he jumped about and

barked himseif almost inside out.

his ear, and finally returned them to Blaine's pocket. The eight, which had been reserved for

the quiet noon-day smoke, was ruth-lessly broken up, and ground down to a souff between two rounded stones. The spoon-shaped butt end of the ivory scratcher served to ladle the snuff into his wide nostrils. Having satisfied himself, he kindly re-

turned his attention to his captive, and shoveled a specuful of dry snuff up his The act was well meant. It signified too, that for the present, at least, the prisoner could consider himself safe. But Blaine nearly speezed his head off. and he fully appreciated how vite a

thing a cigar was when not put to its proper use. The watch was regarded with great awe as a sort of portable god, and was suspended from the kraal post to ward

Thus ter Blaine had no cause to fear any present hostile intent and had begun to cast about for a chance to escape, though he could scarcely think for the violent throbbing at his temples, but the next movement of his captor prepared

him for the worst. one of the huts, and squatting on his hams, fell to sharpening his assegui. rolling his eyes fiercely upon his captive. [TO BE CONTINUED]

TO LIVE A HAPPY LIFE

P. T. Barnum Gives Rules for Men to Live By-His Own Life.

Life Worth Living-Ev ry Man the Carv'r of His Own Life-A Bit of Autobiography from One of the Most Famous of Americans-

(Copyrighted, 1890, by the Author.)

To the question, "Is life worth living?" the answer of the wit, "That depends upon the liver," is pretty good and pretty bad. Each meaning of this neatly turned saving includes truths. By the "liver" one may mean the particular bodfly organ so named, making it stand for the general physical condition. Undonutedly a sound body does go far to make life

worth living.

I have had, and for one of my age still have, a strong and vigorous body, and to this I give much credit for my life's sappiness and success. It is a thing of the utmost importance to boys and girls who would be glad for totir lives, to learn and obey the laws of breathing, earing, drinking, bathing, clothing and exercise. It is of vital importance further that they abhor alcoholic stimulants, tobacco and narcotics.

I cannot say, however, that a sound body is an absolute necessity if life is to be worth living. Many a man whom no a my nor navy doctor nor life insurance examines would pass, has yet lived a life which all who knew him counted abundantly worthy the living.

On the other hand, some people with very sound bodies have had dwarfed souls, and have been puglitists or sensualists or uncharitable and disbonest, so that no right-min-led man reckoned their lives worth living.

A sound body is much—it is worth all it costs to build it; out a sound mind is more. So that the answer to the question does not all depend on the "liver," using that term to mean a sound body.

Using the word "liver" in the other sense, as the person living, it is only true in part that he makes his own life.

No man makes his temperment nor disposition; he does not choose the stream of tendency behind him, the epoch he lives in, nor most of his environments. The "liver" can make a fight against these if they are adverse, but a great many thines do not at all depend upon the "liver." East Venner was born marked with a serpent nature. That she was so bore did not in any sense depend upon her. Dars one face the question whether life is worth living to earth's face Venners?

Taking into account only this world, I think some lives are worth living and some are not. I have had, and for one of my age still have

Sucides have been numerous in every age. These evidently conclude the answer to our question is a negative. Most people have hours of enoul or nameless unrest, when, for those hours at least, life is a hopeless load. Butha has millions of followers who believe that the best thing possible is Nirvans, or practical annihilation. Mrs. Browning thought the best thing fool could do for His beloves was to give them sleep, which seems in her poem to be them sleep, which seems in her poem to be thing Gol could do for His beloved was to give them sleep, which seems in her poem to be Nirvana. The life of a Cainese coolie, a Japanese jinkrikisha man, a prasant life in Arthur's England or a sizer's life in any age, a Siberian exist banished until death, an hereditary drunkard, thief, or hypochondriac, a bearer of an incurable disease or a nature perverted by ancestral sins, a person not balanced enough to earn a living without coaseless toil of the lowest kind-from the standpoint of this world only, one would say none of these lives are worth living. Yet we often get proofs that these lives, seeming to us so hard, are held by their reseasors as worth the living. Some poor oil, half-starved, bedridden woman may yet have such a sweet, contented Christian disposition and hope that she is happier than a sindil min can be in the soundest body or with the most abundant wealth. Each back is fitted for its own burden.

own burden.

Perhaps no man tell if life be worth living for any other than himself. No person knows another's life thoroughly enough to give him sufficient data for a conclusion.

My own life has been worth living to me. I have known poverty, but the days when I was poorest gave a sparto my wits to devise ways to conquer poverty, and the intense activity made those days worth living. I have made and made those days worth living. I have made and lost several fortunes. Somebols said if they had all knowledge in their hands, they would let it go that they might have the peasure of operating it again. I did not purposely let my fortunes go for the pleasure of recaing them, but I never lost any sieep when they did go, and have intensely enjoyed the struggles I have been led into a gain and a takin. I have seen some severe stokness and have known the pangs of the loss of loved ones, but I have not seen the time when life was not worth living, and my last days here are my brightest and best.

My prescriptions to keep life worth living are these:

My prescriptions to keep the worin living are these:

Keep up good cheer. I spent three years-from 18th to 18th-in the prancipal critics of Europe with little Gen. Ton Thumb. I visite I and conversed with most of the crowned boads and the nobility. I was in constant c size with all sorts of orders of distinction. During one of my visits to Paris the contents of a splendid palace belonging to a deceased runation nobleman were sold at public and to a. I bought all the gold, silver and portolain table service, sufficient or sixty gues at Every article was elaboratery adorned with the nobleman's coat of arms. The English and French noblemy coat of the other articles, but bid on none of these things, because they had crests of their own I had learned to feel that everyboly "who was anybody" should have a coat of arms. I did not care what mine should be, so I adopted The spell however was broken. Once outside the bush he jumped about and barked himself almost inside out.

Blame kept quiet, a quiet through which the bentling of his heart seemed to quiver in waves of sound, hoping against hope that no search would be made, but a sound warned him. Glancing up he sa a sight which caused a smale to flir across his face, a smile that saved his life. For looking down upon him was the face of a Zutu, with broad red steins of current jam across his cheeks, and on the end of his flat nose.

The warrior's assecial was lifted to thrust, but the feeble smile, and the evident helplessness of the white man altered his purpose. Instead of killing Blaine, he lifted him up in his powerful arms and carried him ap to the krasil, where after binding him, he proceeded to examine his captive with great gravity.

The two sati silence for a long time, the inspector and the inspected, the former ever and again stretching out a lean flager to to touch the circular bruise on the other's forehead.

It passed his comprehension how the wound was made and by whom. Finally he gave it up has a hopeless puzzle, and turned to something which he could understand—the examination of his prisoner's arm and poetes treasures. These included watch, a single, treasured cigar, a photograph of a silver-haired, mild-everl, gentle old lady, and a photograph of a little girl with bequifful brown eyes.

These pictures caused the warrior unbounded astonishment. He clapped his hand a grantst his mouth several times, scrutched his head with a poluted claw of ivory, which he took from the lobe of his ear, and finally returned them to Blaine's pocket.

The cigar, which had been reserved for the servision of the decision of the de

living?
Many arguments are made to prove that this Many arguments are made to prove that this lifte, with no personal immortality behind it, is worth living. It is so to the few fittest so long as they are fittest. It is not so to the swarming millions. In earlier days, when I was able to hold my own in life again t the world, every day was worth living, leaving out of account any question of a future. Now, when I am leaving life's hardest struggles an triumphs to younger men and am an old man now it it? Am I about men and am an old man, how is it? Am I about to drop out of existence, having fulfilled my

iffe's hardest struggles an . triumphs to younger men and am an o'd man, how it it? Am I about to drop out of existence, having fulfilled my mission as a temporary atom in a temporary link between two generations? If I am, I will get all the good I can out of these last dara at they pass, but yet they are edged with sadness and tinged with blackest darkness.

This evolution philosophy, which puts man on a par with maple seeds, is good cheer itself come ared with the other philosophy of life I will name. The philosophy institued into me as a child was reientless indeed. I would not let a mab de like a maple seed if he was un thest. It miraculously kept him alive endiessly to torment him because he was elected to be unfitted. No! at thousand times no! Life is not with living if this philosophy is true. Not in the old philosophy of my boyheed nor in the late materialistic evolution of my mannood is there any affirmative answer to our question possible. The most favored of mankind, by shutting their eyes to these teachings and relusing to think or feel, may snatch hours here and there which pass for joy; but to think is madness, and to feel is dea h.

I thank heaven, since my twentieth year I I have never been enslaved by either of these awful philosophies. My philosophy is Thesic evolution of Christian evolution. There is an evolution of man as a race from lowest savagery to divinest brotherhood. God is working this out. This is a doctrine of hope and good cheer, and makes the like of the race worth living. There is also an evolution of every individual from the beginning of his being to the perfected man. The person does not go back to deat. I am not about to be crowded off. I em going on to larger fleids an i nobler effort. This philosophy makes commensation possible. Justice will be done to every one.

There is cheer and hope for the least of us. To every Elise Venner born with servent taint, to every man beaving we ghted in life's struggle, to every to circ and suff-rer, to every weakest one, there is time to

of such paintal sowing. There is time or a just God to work out compensation for each one. With Him, no trussed reed is broken, no smoul-dering spark is quenched. If I am right, life is worth living for you, kind reader, for me, for every son of Adam. P. C. Barnum.

During a recent journey Baroness Alphonse Bo hachild was robbed of jewelry valued at

The condition of the Grand Duke Nicholas, uncle of the carr, who was seized with sudden manis during he recent army maneuvers, has become critical. Letters and telegrams from Dublin, published in the Loudon papers, represent the Iriah Na-tional League as more closely pressed for money than had been suspected.

Waterbury Republican The future of New England is evidently not all in the past. for \$6,60 the Daily Gazette will months, and also a copy of the Mediter's Unabridued of the Copy of 1251 pages, screen the copy of the Cop

Cardinal Alimon le, the archbishop of Turin, who is in a moribund condition, has been long regarded as the probable successor of Popu Leo XIII. to the chair of st. Peter. The smallner epidemic which is prevailing in

Madrid rapidly assumes graver proportions. The persons afflicted are counted by thousands. The government has ordered that all servants and soldiers be vaccinated. A vessel with a cargo of gun cotton has sailed from Brest for a Russian port. The gun cotton is for the use of the Russian government and was sent from a French government factory.

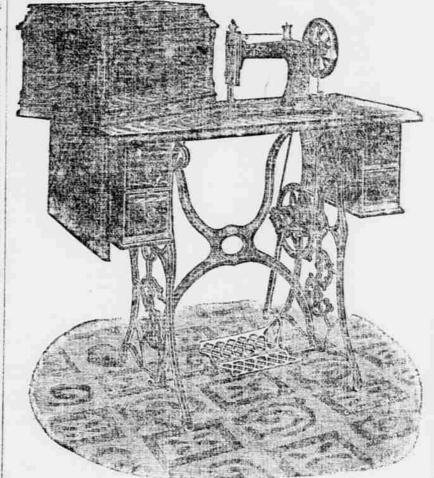
WANTED-AGENTS.

Dallas countles. Liberal commissions. Address L. E. H., care Gazette, with references.

shown in some quarters reminds one of the cleanliness that displays its wellfilled asb barrel hard by the front door.

HIGH-ARM - SINGER,"

Only \$20! List Price \$45



HIGH-ARM IMPROVED

Every Machine warranted for five years. Cash must accompany orders. Purchaser pays freight.

Secure this \$45.00 Machine and

The Weekly Gazette One Year Only \$21.25.

All that is necessary is, that the person ordering the Machine shall be a sale criber to the Weekly Gazette. Send subscriptions and Money to

GAZETTE, Fort Worth, Tex.

EAMPLE MACHINE AT CAZETTE BUSINESS OFFICE

WHAT MR. FATHEREE THINKS. FATS. TEX., March 8, 1991. Garette, Fort Worth, Tex.:

The High-Arm Singer sewing machine I bought of you is as good as any \$77 Machine. I would not take twice what it cost and rik setting a nother as good of any other kind. It does as all work as any of the high-priced machines. You can recommend it. You can use my name if you wish. Truly yours,

WHAT MR. MARTIN THINKS.

Fort Worth Gazette:
We received your Premium sewing machine several days are; have tried it and lifte it splandidly; would not be without it for twice the cost. Respectfully, J. D. and O. C. Manne. WHAT MR. HIBBETS THINKS. WASHBURN, AKMSTRONG COUNTY, June 21, 1832. To the Democrat Publishing Company:

To the Democrat Publishing Company:

GENTS- The High-Arm Singer sewing machine which I bought from you sometime since surreceived all right. My wife or some of my daughters have been using it almost daily since, said are well pleased with it and say it is quite equal to all The Cazerra claims for it. Yours traff,

J. H. Hissers. WHAT MR. GEOGHEGAN THINKS.

FARWELL PARK, DALLAN COUNTY, TEX., May 8, 188.

To the Editor of the Fort Worth Gazette:

DEAR SIR—I have this day received from the June Manufacturing Company, Belviders, Ili, the Prize sewing machine, and must say that it as handsome as it is a useful article. Theretay you for your attention to this matter, I am dear sir, yours respectfully. Richard Groussess. WHAT MRS. SULLIVAN THINKS.

I received your High-Arm sewing machine all O. K.; have tried it thoroughly and will sty rankly that I am well pleased with it. I have used several different machines but thing it the best can salely recommend it to anyone. Respectfully. Mrs. C. J. SULLIVAN.

WHAT MR. MANGUM THINKS. Publisher Gazette, Fort Worth, Tex.:
Your High-Arm sewing machine is a splendid one. I have seld many kinds of sewing machine and I find none better than your High-Arm. I can obserfully recommend it to anyone in need of a machine. Yourstruly,

WHAT MR. WOOTEN THINKS

Gazette—In answer to yours concerning the sewing machine, we are well pleased with it is it gives satisfaction and runs very light. We think it is at good as warranted to be and avoid at it has given satisfaction in every respect, we feel under obligations to Fig Gazette. For this B. F. Woots.

WHAT MR. MARABLE THINKS. To the Democrat Publishing Company, Fort Worth, Fex.:

Our is—The High-Arm bin or sewing machine we bought of you last. May is just stoply sided did, we don't writt any better one, and with say it is tarsuperior to wont we expected to get, and can honestly say it is worth a great deal more money than you ask for the mixed we as during with proper care will last more than five years, as you cann. You're respectfully,

M. M. and C. Manager.

WHAT MR. KRAUSE THINKS.

PORT WORTH, Aug. 7, 1922. Fort Worth Gazette:

DEAS SHE-Your High Arm Singer sewing machine arrived in good condition. It is equal to all its entires. It does a good work, runs easy and worth twice the money. Respectfully.

A. Elitse

WHAT MR. McMILLAN THINKS.

The Fort Worth Garette, Fort Worth, Tex.:

GENTS-My wife, after having tried your High Arm sewing machine thoroughly, says that aging entire satisfaction, and is well worth the price we paid for it. Yours very respectfully, N. P. McMillade. WHAT DR. RILEY THINKS. Mountain Springs, Tex., Aug. 7, 1971. Editors Weekly Gazette, Fort Worth, Tex : General weekly trained, Fort worth, Tex:

General affords me great pleasure to state that the improved High Arm Singer Senior machine I purchased of you some months since gives entire sat sinction. I would have writed sooner, bu desired to test it thoroughly before doing so. It is everything in the world and calls for it am lequal in every respect to the same machine sold in Gainesville for \$15 and \$55. It appears strange to me that i coole will continue to machine sold in Gainesville for \$15 and \$55.

strange to me that reople will continue to purchase those high priced machines these hard the when such an excellent one can be bought of you for \$10. You are at liberty to publish this dorsement of mine if you desire. Yours truly,

John C. Riller, M. D. WHAT MR. HARRIS THINKS.

Your premium machine was received. I sm well pleased with it; it does as good work of the its well as machines that self for \$15. Respectfully,

WHAT MRS. MOORE THINKS. FORT WORTH, Tux., Sept. 27, 1817.

W. L. Malone.

Dhan Siz-1 have used your premium Singer Sewing Machine and it gives entire satisfaction and its worth twice what it cost me. Respectfully. Max. Many A. Moorg, 1414 Houston sizes. what it cost me. Respectfully. Mas. Mary A. Moore, 1414 Housion st. WHAT MR. AND MRS. B.OXSON THINKS. PLEASANT POINT, TEX, Oct & 1996

We wish to say that two months ago we lost our house and contents by fire, so we levied out several papers for a cheap but good machine and decided to try the Gazette Premium Sexing as chine and have given it a thorough trial, and we can now recommend it as a first-class machine it every way. Success to Fort Worth and the Gazette.

T. J. AAD M. A. BRONSON. WHAT MRS. ROACH THINKS. RISING STAR, TEX., Sept. 1, 1894 Gazette, Fort Worth.

After using your Premium High-Arm Machine since March I can recommend it to be all you claim for it. Yours respectfully.

Mas. J. M. Rosca.

WHAT MR. JOYNER THINKS. TROUPS, TEX., Sept. 20, 1890. Gazette, Fort Works.

Draw Sras—We have used your Premium Machine for two months, which proves satisfactor!

Orange Sras—We have used your Premium Machine for two months, which proves satisfactor!

M. Jornal